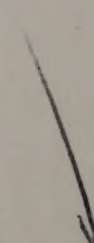


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NUSSBAUMS

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

NIKLAUS AND ANNA BARBARA FLICKIGER NUSSBAUM

AND THEIR DESCENDANTS



Ben Nussbaum

M 5592

Nussbaum

To the memory of my pioneer grandparents, Nikolaus and Anna Barbara Flickiger Nussbaum, this manuscript is dedicated. In some of the older correspondence, we find that the name had at one time been spelled Nussbaumer.

These Nussbaums with their family of four children, three boys and a baby girl, and with worlds of faith, courage, and a determination to go on behind, never to see any of them again, and sailed to a new world.

Fairbury, Illinois

January, 1959

That future generations of Nussbaums might have an easier and better way of life.

Unfortunately, history was not written until it is too late. Grandfather was a tailor, the only one of all the Nussbaums with that trade. Practically all the others, including mother, were blacksmiths. In Switzerland at that time, people were called, or were by, the name of the trade which they followed. Since so many of grandfather's brothers and relatives were blacksmiths, all of them of the time were known as the Smith family. If these blacksmiths were mentioned, they were always spoken of as Smith's boys.

Grandfather was a tall man, but was sturdy and broad-shouldered. Grandmother was of a medium build, and not very strong. Throughout her entire life she was never strong, and at times, she might be called frail.

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These Nussbaums with their family of four children, three boys and a baby girl, and with worlds of faith, courage, and a determination, left all relatives behind, never to see any of them again, faced the west, and sailed to a new world.

Unfortunately, history does not become history until it is too late. Grandfather's trade was that of a tailor, the only one of all the Nussbaums with that trade. Practically all the others, brothers, uncles, etc., were blacksmiths. In Switzerland at that time, people were called, or went by, the name of the trade which they followed. Since so many of grandfather's brothers and relatives were blacksmiths, all of them at all times were known as the Smith families. If these three boys were mentioned, they were always spoken of as Smith's boys.

Grandfather was not a tall man, but was husky and broad-shouldered. Grandmother was of a medium build, and not very strong. Throughout her entire life she was never strong, and, at times, she might be called frail.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY



FIREPLACE

Grandfather worked hard and long hours at his trade for the small sum of ten cents per day, or its equivalent in their money which, according to father, was a customary or slightly above average wage for the skilled labor of a tailor at that time. Arising early in the morning and walking to his work, and after dark walking to his home, when a long day's work was finished. Sometimes his children did not see him for a week, they being asleep when he left in the morning, and again at night were sound asleep in their beds when he arrived home after the day's work.

Many times in his work, when it was farther away from home, grandfather would live with the people for whom he was tailoring and making clothes, in all probability from Monday morning until Saturday night. All sewing at that time was done by hand. Sewing machines were unheard of, although grandfather had a sewing machine in his later years, I'm sure, because I heard my mother tell that she had used it.

I can scarcely remember that father ever told us much about their home. One thing, though, that does

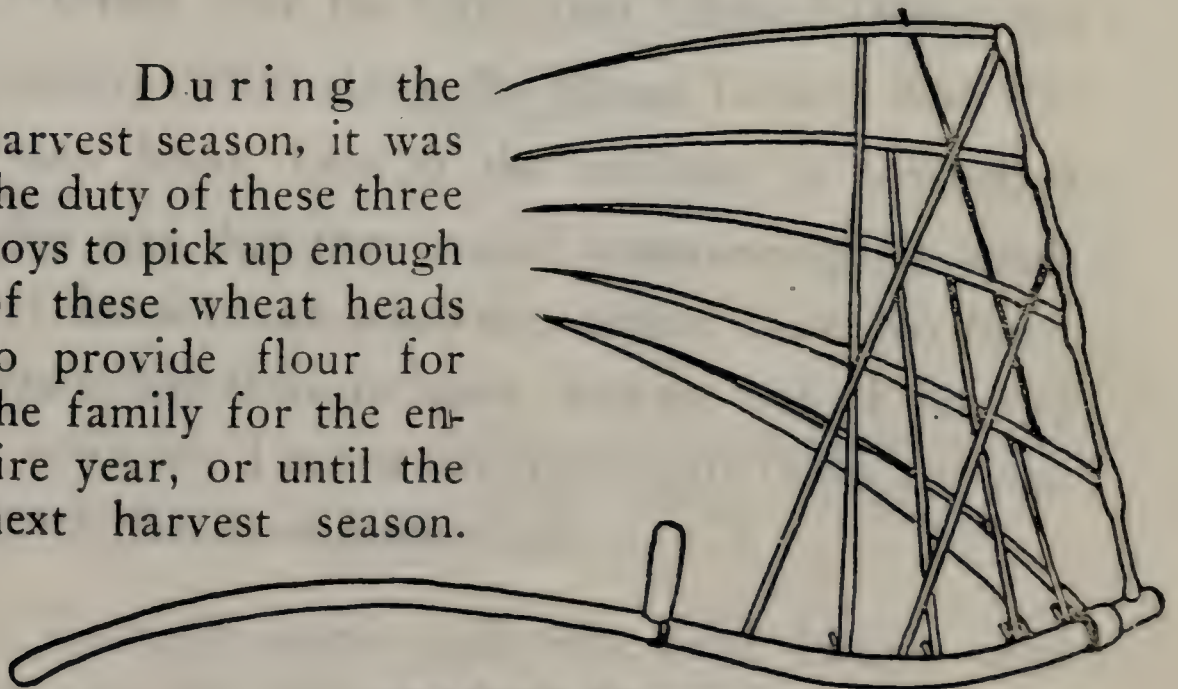
NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

stand out clearly is that their home had a straw roof with the customary weights to hold the straw in place during strong wind-storms. Father and others, who knew and used roofs of straw, contended that a rye straw roof, properly applied, was a very good roof to shed water, and would last for years and years.

Grandfather had five brothers, Adam, John, Jacob, Sam, and another, none of us can recall his name. also one sister named Annie. Brothers, sisters, or other relatives of grandmother's were never mentioned.

Many were the times that I heard my father relate about the three small baskets that his mother wove of willow and reed, one for each of the three small boys, John, Jacob, and Sam. They used them in gleaning, or picking up heads of wheat after the standing grain had been cut by men with cradles, then bound into bundles or sheaves, using straw for twine. These bundles then were set into shocks. The three boys were allowed to go into neighboring fields and glean, or pick up these heads of wheat that fell or were broken from the straw by the harvesters who were cutting it with cradles.

During the harvest season, it was the duty of these three boys to pick up enough of these wheat heads to provide flour for the family for the entire year, or until the next harvest season.



CRADLE SCYTHE

How different from the boys of my day, or even the boys of to-day!

When their gleaning, or picking up of wheat

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

heads, was over, grandfather would thresh, or beat the grains of wheat out of the heads with a home-made implement or thresher called a flail. With the use of a small sieve winnow, the good grains of wheat were sifted from the chaff and straw.

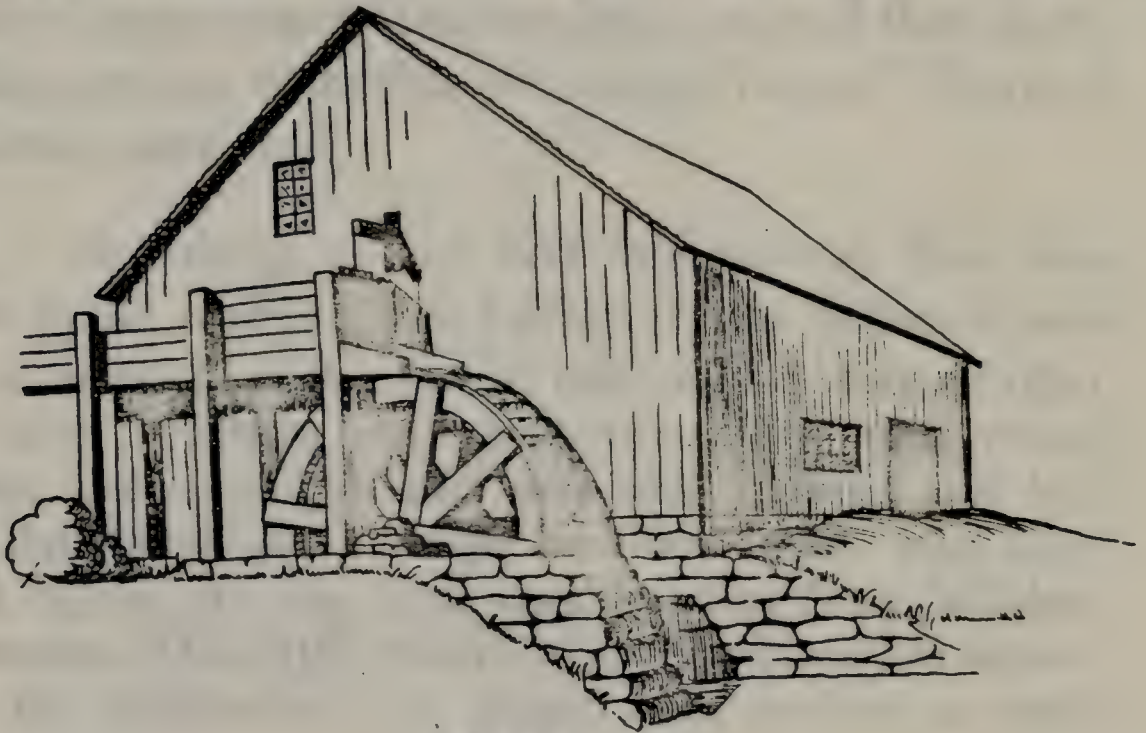
Just how far they lived from a grist mill, I do not remember, but there was a water-driven mill, with its mill pond, flume downspout, and large water-wheel somewhere in the immediate vicinity. It probably was not more than a mile or two from their home. At any rate, grandfather carried these sacks of wheat to the mill on his shoulder, and then carried the finished flour home by the same method.

Often were the times that I heard father and his brothers relate about the cheese factory that was near their home. One of the incidents in connection with this was that they would sometimes get a small piece of cheese to eat, when they visited there. No doubt this was to get them to leave, and get out of the way of the workmen. I heard this story again in the last visit that Uncle Jake and father had.

Times in Switzerland were hard. Wages were so low, and the necessities of life, which were few, (automobiles, gasoline, and mink coats were unheard of) were not in line with labor so much so that the government saw that in due time these poor families

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

must be helped. In time they were approached by government agents, and told that if they wished to leave the country they would help them to do so. They would be given an amount within reason, and start them on their way, the government cared not where to, just so they were completely off Swiss soil. After their interview, these men left. Grandfather and grandmother talked it over, and, after due deliberation, they decided to come to the United States, notifying these men of their intentions. They were given a certain



WATER MILL

length of time in which to dispose of such things as could not be taken along, to prepare their food, baggage, clothing, etc.

Father said he well remembered a relative of his made their trunks, and he also remembered watching him at work making them, sawing the lumber. Even the locks and hinges were all hand-made by one of father's blacksmith relatives. Some of these trunks are still in the family.

At length arrangements were completed, relatives were visited, good-byes (*abscheid-auf wieder-sehn*) were said among tears and with pain as they

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

sorrowfully uttered their last farewell before sailing to a new world of which they knew nothing. They were unaware of what it held in store for them, neither did they know that they would never see these relatives in Switzerland again—and they did not. Even though life in Switzerland was hard and tough, what the new world held in store for them they didn't know. Even if their crossing of the Atlantic should be uneventful, much disappointment and hardship awaited them here. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Never a sentence more true.

According to our best information, this took place in the year of 1856. Father always told us he was seven years old at the time of the crossing. Grandfather had five brothers over here then. The two whom father knew were Adam, who was married and had two daughters, and a single brother, Jacob, who lived with Adam. At that time they lived at New Market, Missouri. This little town, near Hannibal, Missouri, was the destination that grandfather set out to reach as his goal.

At length the time of departure arrived in that year of 1856, and we think it must have been in the spring or early summer of that year, as they frequently mentioned the warm weather. Neither would steamboats be plying the Mississippi river in cold weather, and neither do we think open-sail vessels plied the oceans in winter weather, since sails must be rolled up and taken down in times of strong wind. Then, too, they must be spread out in a calm, and this would be impossible in zero weather.

The day of departure was now at hand. They were hauled in a two-wheeled cart (in all probability

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

oxen were hitched to it) to a railroad station, where they boarded a train for some ocean port, there to take a sailboat. Whether this train went direct to the ocean port, or if they had to change trains, is not known, but, no doubt, some changes of trains had to be made. At last the ocean port of Havre, France, was reached. In



SAILING SHIP — YEAR 1856

the harbor were many ships with white canvas sails. Very few steamers were plying the ocean lanes at that early date. Since the first steamship crossing of the Atlantic had taken place only 35 years earlier, or in the year of 1819, steamships were still more or less in the experimental stage. When we pause to consider that the sailboats had more or less successfully been crossing the ocean since 1492, they were still considered the more substantial, safe, and dependable.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

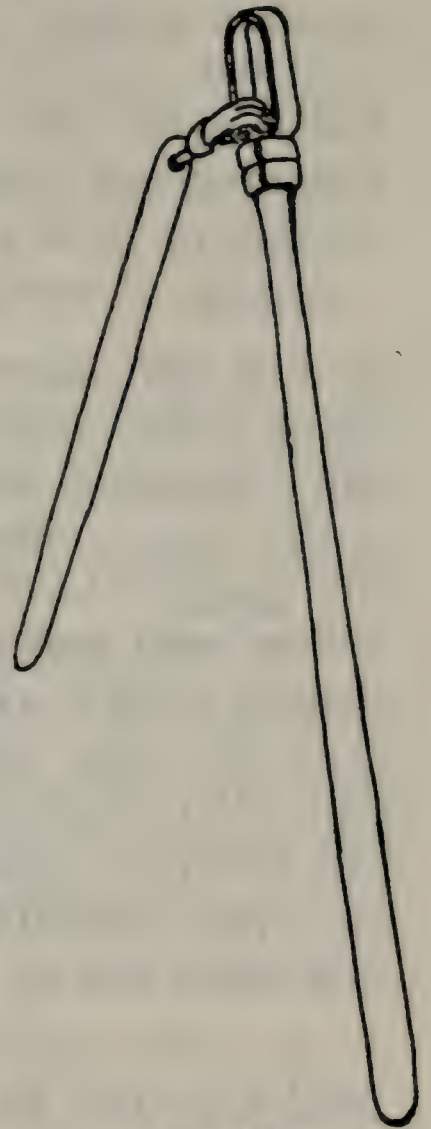
The ship was boarded, baggage, freight, etc., were loaded, the anchor weighed, the sails opened to the breeze, and as the ship's keel cleft through the calm surface of the bay, headed for open water, tearful eyes surveyed the dimming shore of the Old World. The voyage was in progress. The ship didn't seem to travel very far in straight lines, but rather followed a zig-zag course. Wrong currents of air hampered their travel many times, and father said many of the days they traveled farther east than west.

Grandmother was sick throughout the entire voyage, and as near as I can get it now, no ship's doctors were carried on board ship then. To-day, they are a part of the ship's officers. Grandmother's illness made it the duty of grandfather to have custody of the four children alone, take care of grandmother, do all the cooking, and, no doubt, do the washing for the six. Undoubtedly there was washing to do, since Annie, born in 1854, was just a baby.

As was mentioned earlier, each passenger or family took along their own provisions, and this was always quite a problem. The situation was all the more perplexing, since grandfather was poor. What he could take must of necessity be cheap in cost, and must be something that would not spoil. The amount they would need had to be estimated, since they had no way of knowing how long the voyage would take, particularly if they encountered adverse west winds.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

Their diet, therefore, was chiefly rice and more rice, and I don't believe I ever heard father speak of any other food eaten on board ship. In fact, as long as I knew him, he never again cared for rice. There were some wealthy people on board the ship, and their food was of the best at that day. Father often told about the three boys watching those folks eating their meals, which included meats, fruits, etc. It is easy to picture three hungry boys with that "give me" look in their eyes. How they must have stared, and watched those people eat their better food. Probably they begged a little, and wouldn't have turned down apple cores.



FLAIL

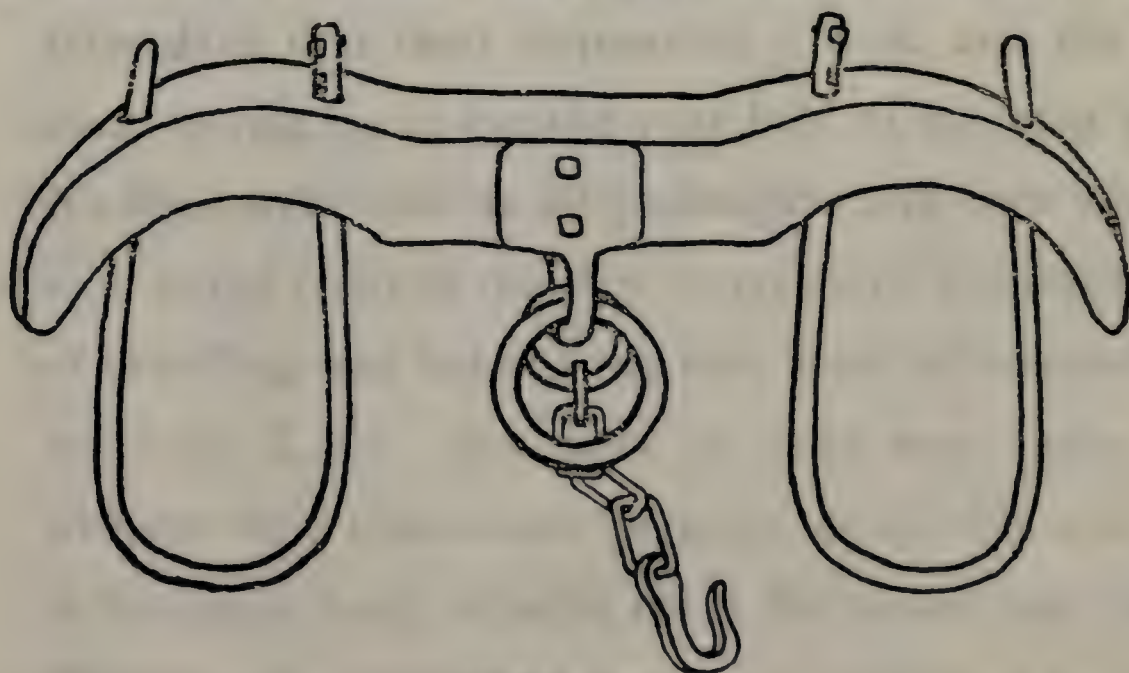
Also, the information I have from one source is that grandfather and his family took their passage in the steerage, or lowest and cheapest class of fare. How three lively boys and the rest of them passed their time on board ship still is a mystery, since not much ever was told of the crossing. Big waves were mentioned, also the additional fact that they had the run of the ship. Uncle Jake, as a boy, walked in his sleep. While on board ship one night, Grandma had a dream that Jake, in his sleep, had left his bed, and was among the coils of ropes and freight in the hold of the ship. She awoke, immediately hurried to Jake's bed to see, and, sure enough, he was gone. She aroused Grandpa then, and related her dream. Quickly he repaired to the hold of the ship, probably with a candle to light his way. There, sure enough, he found Jake asleep among the ropes and ship's freight.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

Twice the ship caught fire, once from hot, melted butter. Some rancid butter, being rendered by a thrifty Dutch woman, caught fire, bubbled over the container and onto the wooden deck. Flames shot high, and the heat was terrific. Finally, the blaze, which could have been disastrous to the ship, was quenched. Water was sprinkled on the scorched deck, so that the bare-footed passengers could walk about in comfort.

Other than all of this, the ocean trip was uneventful. After forty-four days of sailing, north, south, east, and west, they drifted into New Orleans. Their destination being Hannibal, Missouri, near where Uncle Adam lived, they then transferred baggage and all to a Mississippi river steamer. At that time, steamboats were plying the Mississippi river. This is another reason we think it was summer-time, since the river freezes in winter, and all navigation stops at the first cold spell. In coming up the Mississippi, they still had to do their own cooking. At the different stops the boat made, Grandpa would get off to buy some groceries.

He now was in a strange and different land, and the language spoken here was unlike any speech or dialect grandfather had ever heard before. By way



OXEN YOKE

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

of New Orleans seems to have been the accepted route of travel across the ocean at that early date. This, undoubtedly, accounts for the reason Uncle Adam and the other three brothers were located in Missouri and near the Mississippi river.

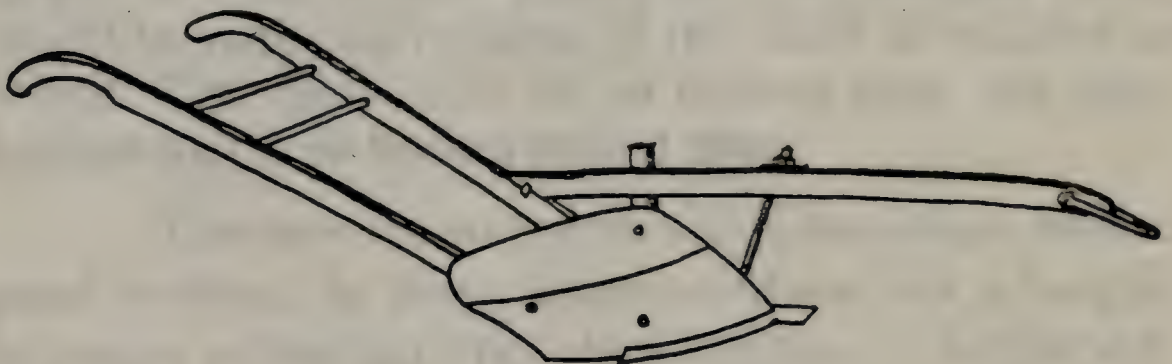
In trying to buy their groceries at the ship's stops in this strange land, grandfather had trouble making the grocers understand him, or he to understand them. At one time he wanted some flour, which he called "mehl" in German. This to the store-keeper sounded more like "meal" so he then offered him some corn meal. Thus they had their troubles with this new speech in a new land. This they soon overcame, but other troubles, of which they knew not, were still lying in wait for them in the muddy waters of the Mississippi. Just where or when we don't know, however, it was after dark that their ship struck a rock, and the bow came to rest on it, but the rear half of the ship sank. No lives were lost, as all passengers and crew aboard went to the front of the ship. After many anxious hours of crowding and holding on, they were all rescued the next day. Later, they were on their way again, but without their trunks and baggage, as all this was still in the ship's hold. Months later, the vessel was raised. Their trunks, with their names and addresses on them,

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

were forwarded to them. The clothing was no longer serviceable, as it had been in the water too long.

Finally, they arrived at Hannibal, Missouri, their destination by boat. Uncle Adam, who lived at New Market, several miles away, was to meet them here. In those days of slow and uncertain modes of travel and, undoubtedly, no schedules, just how Uncle Adam knew when the boat would arrive, or how he arranged to meet it, we will never know. We think they must have stayed in Hannibal, and sent a letter to Adam at New Market, telling him they had arrived at Hannibal, where they were staying, and where he could find them.

Now at this time, grandfather had \$80 left with which to set up housekeeping, clothe the family, and take care of other expenses. All the clothes they had were lost, except what they were wearing.



PLOW

No longer did the rugged and weary road, they had just travelled, lay to the west. Its end had been reached. This was a time, when they discounted the inconveniences and monotony of the trip. In spite of weariness and dejected spirits, they could see the silver lining, fringing the dark clouds, and the prospects of a new home brightened their faces and cheered them. These people, with little money, much nerve, and a real determination, had set out to wrest from this new life the security denied them in the place from whence they had come.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

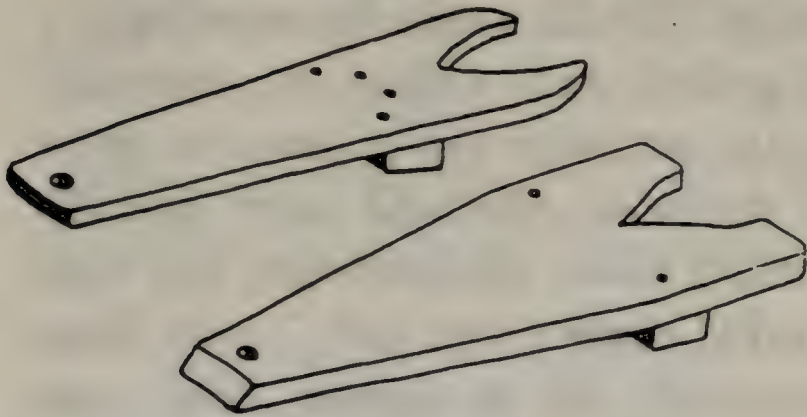
They were the type of men and women who preferred the unhampered freedom of the New World, even though it meant living in a wretched dwelling, to the poverty and governmental interference with individual rights of the Old World. Although the real pioneer came West for a variety of reasons, foremost among them was his unswerving desire to make a home for himself and his loved ones, a home built according to his standards, not those of someone else. Necessity commanded that this pioneer family be resourceful, but they were equal to the occasion. In their old home, across the vast Atlantic, they had learned how to be self-reliant, pinching along on the bare necessities of life, and those hard years were now to stand them in good stead. There had to be patience and endurance, for there were sure to be lonely months when no word would be received from loved ones in distant Europe. It was difficult to sever family ties. On occasion hearts would be saddened by news of the death of relative or friend. Yet, there could be no turning back. All their bridges had been burned behind them.

This new country, with all its hardships, looked good to them. At times, however, there was a longing to return to the old life, which did have a bright side and certain comforts, something which they had not yet encountered here in their new pioneer existence. To date there had been nothing but discouragement.

There were mental as well as physical hazards in the pioneer way of life. Minds often cracked under the constant bodily contact with the elements of Nature. Then, too, worries, real and fancied, brought on mental distress and dejected spirits. Our forefathers, waging an incessant battle to tame the mighty wilderness, paid a huge price in blood, sweat, and tears that future generations of Nussbaums might have an easier and better way of life.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

Suffering and hardship, minimized by this pio-



BOOT JACKS

neer family, were over-shadowed by "faith, hope, and charity" in this new life of their choice. As intense heat tempers the

steel, so did daily vicissitude and adverse circumstances temper these strangers in a strange land and made them fit to meet the stern challenge of life. Upholding them through it all was their unshakeable trust in God, and in the shadow of His wings did they find peace and comfort in time of trouble. Furious storms could shake the very earth at their feet, but not their determination to be unafraid for was not their God mightier than all the storms that ever blew?

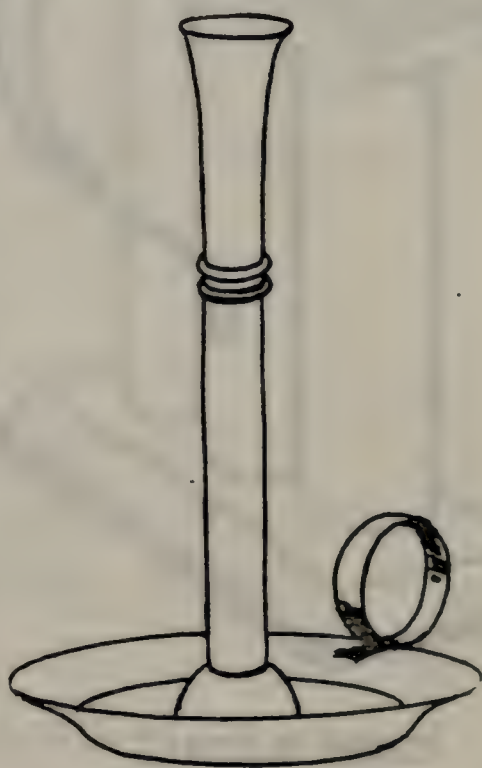
Large trees of various kinds spread over this uncharted Missouri country, including the maples, oaks, and walnut. Also in profuse numbers were the ash, butternut, chestnut, hickory, persimmon, and sycamore.

Pioneering families sought freedom, opportunity, and elbow-room, and the Missouri, or western country, offered these in abundance. There was a price to pay, however, in hard work and "roughing it", with luxury and comfort mere words in the dictionary. All this land needed was the human element. It had the natural resources for agriculture and industry, the foundation for the large farms and factories of to-day. The modern network of cities and towns attests to the energetic way in which the pioneers "took hold", and planned for the future.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

The now great city of Chicago at that time had a population of about 25,000 inhabitants. Gurden B. Hubbard, the trader then dealing in Eastern Illinois, wrote to some of his relatives, after he had moved to Chicago from Danville, in which he said, "So far I have not regretted the move from a large town to a small town." Not many years before, these hardy pioneer folks moved to the Missouri country. Smoke spiralled above the tree-tops in the forest, not from white men's camp-fires, but from Indian. This was the hunting ground of the noble red man, and the only sound of footsteps along the trails and paths came from his moccasin-shod feet. The streams and rivers knew no other craft than his dug-outs and bark canoes.

Not only did common danger from the lurking foe and suffering knit families and groups closely together, but also mutual affection, old-fashioned hospitality, and friendship. Formerly, candles were a luxury, but no more, since nearly all households were equipped with a candle mold, consisting of a cluster of metal tubes on a metal base. Candle dips still were in use by a few of the poorer families. These consisted of rods to which wicks were tied, and they were then dipped continually into melted tallow until the intended candle-diameter was obtained. An innovation was the Betty lamp, which was filled with



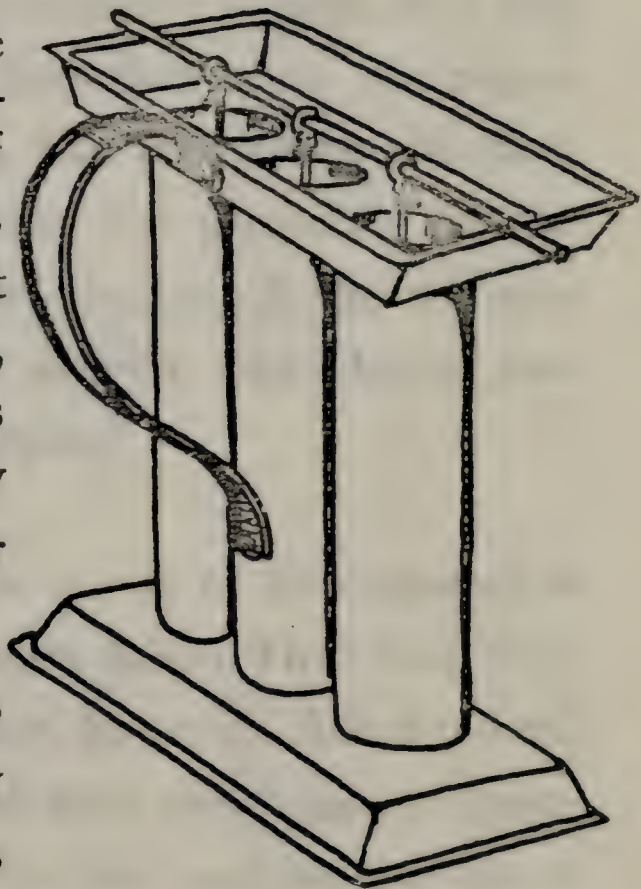
CANDLESTICK

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

grease, a rag placed in it, and then lighted. The result was a bad odor, a smoky flame, and a feeble light. Twenty-two years earlier, in 1834, matches were invented. At that time, many still kindled their fires by friction, flint and steel struck together.

Comforts were slow in coming. Only \$20 worth of goods, even less, were needed in those early days to start housekeeping, but on this meager beginning the family could expect no luxuries or comforts, only the sparsest of necessities. For holding water, milk, and other liquids, cooper ware became popular. Also making its appearance was cedar ware of alternate red and white staves, with polished brass hoops. It was considered quite beautiful, and a few water pails of this type were still in use in my boyhood days. I remember them very well.

All of the stockings and mittens for the family were knitted by the mistress of the household. Much of this was made from their own wool, which was carded and spun by these same women. I have seen this done, too, in my time by my mother. At that time, no household was complete without its cards for carding, and the



CANDLE MOLD

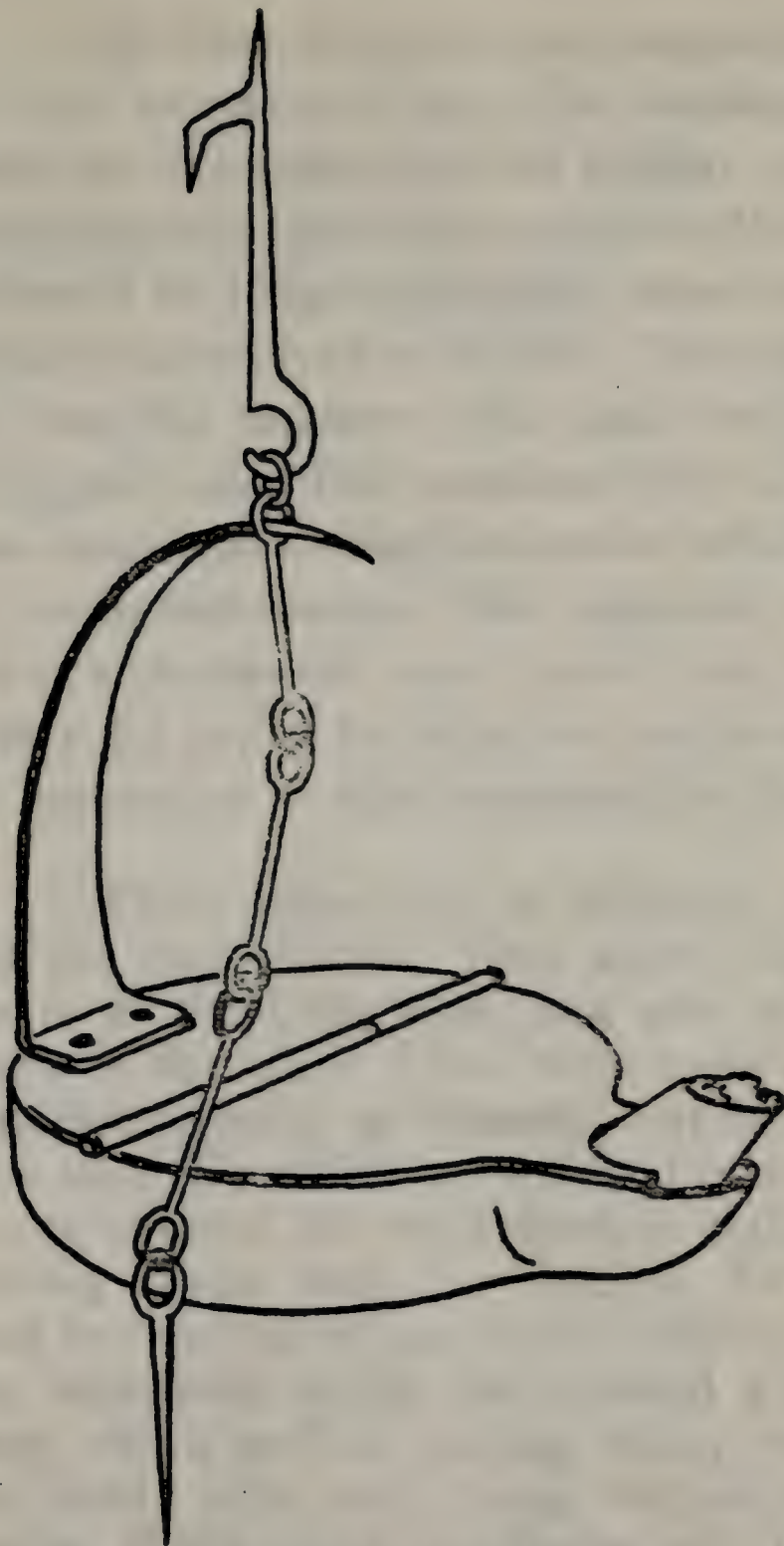
NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

spinning wheels for spinning the wool into yarn. The problem of clothes for these boys was not grandfather's greatest, as he was a tailor, and always made all of their clothes. We, to-day, would not be living in our advanced state of civilization, had it not been for the humble beginnings of these rugged pioneers.

Adam told in a letter he wrote, and the word got back to the folks somehow, as such things do, that he was amazed and somewhat ashamed of them, since they were so poorly dressed, probably in rags, torn and tattered. How much better than that could you expect them to be? Their clothing, like everything else they had, was neither too good nor too plentiful. All the clothing they had was on their backs; all the rest was lost in the shipwreck, and now it was almost two months since their voyage began.

Grandfather, with his family of five, moved in and lived in the same house with Adam. How long they put up with this, I do not know, however, Adam moved out after a time, and let them have this house to themselves. Uncle John told this to Sam, and his opinion of this was that Adam was ashamed of his brother and family. There is a letter in Silas' file, dated 1856, from Grandfather Niklaus to his relatives in Switzerland. This letter was mailed at Macon City, where they resided at that time.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY



BETTY LAMP

Adam had two daughters and no sons, and these two were cousins of father's. As far back as I can recall, or, at least, as far back as 1900, they never visited anymore, nor had any more correspondence. From what we were told at different times, grandfather should have had five brothers, but I cannot remember the name of the fifth one. All of the brothers must have been here before grandfather came as two of them went west in the gold rush of 1849. All correspondence with

these two soon ceased, and Adam never knew if they struck it rich, or what became of them. One was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, and I'm almost positive he fought with the Confederate army. He returned once on a visit, and then left for the South, never to be heard from or to return again.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

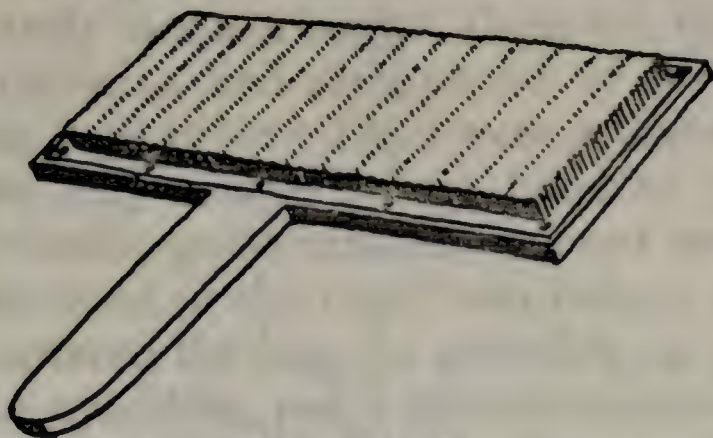
Of these three brothers, one was named John, and one was named Sam. The brothers were always under the impression that the brother, who was a Confederate soldier, had been murdered. Particulars of this incident I no longer remember, however, some money in gold was involved in the deal. This much they found out from his employer, who paid him quite a salary, all in gold coin. This employer told of being seen by some suspicious-looking characters, who then knew that this uncle had money. This employer, who employed him as a blacksmith, never heard from him again, and neither did any of his folks, so they were always under the impression he was murdered for his money.

These folks lived in Missouri seven years, or until the year of 1863. They were living there during a part of the Civil War, and part of this war was fought in that state. There were many soldiers in their immediate vicinity, as Missouri was half-free and half-slave state. Grandfather continued to work at his trade as a tailor, and did much work in making clothes and clothing repair work for soldiers. For much of this work he received no pay, as the soldiers were very poor pay, sometimes taking the finished garment, walking away with it and not paying. Many times in payment they would offer him a large bill, which he could not change. What could grandfather do? He was helpless with a group of soldiers.

He told stories of the husking bees, held at neighbors on moonlight nights in the fall of the year. The corn would be cut, and placed in shocks. On moonlight nights these bees were held, and this shocked corn was husked. They would husk until late in the night, and then have a lunch and wind up with a song-fest. Some of the colored boys had banjos and other

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

stringed instruments, which they played well, and all



WOOL CARD

of them were very good singers. These boys were young, and could not stay out too late, so they were always first in going home. On a quiet night, father said you could still

hear the music and the singing voices after they reached their home.

Father many times told the story of the brothers, and a certain number of neighbor boys, who went swimming every day in the summer time. All of them became expert swimmers and divers, and this favorite swimming hole was deep, and not a place for anyone who was not a good swimmer. One day a colored man came along the road, and stopped to watch these boys swimming and having their fun. He wanted to participate in this fun, so he undressed and jumped in. Much to his surprise, it was too deep for him. Since he could not swim, he sank below the surface, and vanished from sight. Had we retained enough presence of mind, according to father, enough boys were there to have taken hold of each other's hands, formed a human chain, and brought the man to shore. However, we knew better than to try to rescue him alone. One of the boys ran for help, and some men came. One of them dived into the water, and brought the drowning man to the surface and ashore. He was laid out on the grass to revive, unconscious, insensible, and almost dead to the world. They rolled him; he showed signs of life, and started moaning. One of the things father remembered best was the way he rolled his big eyes, the whites showing up so plainly in contrast with the black skin.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

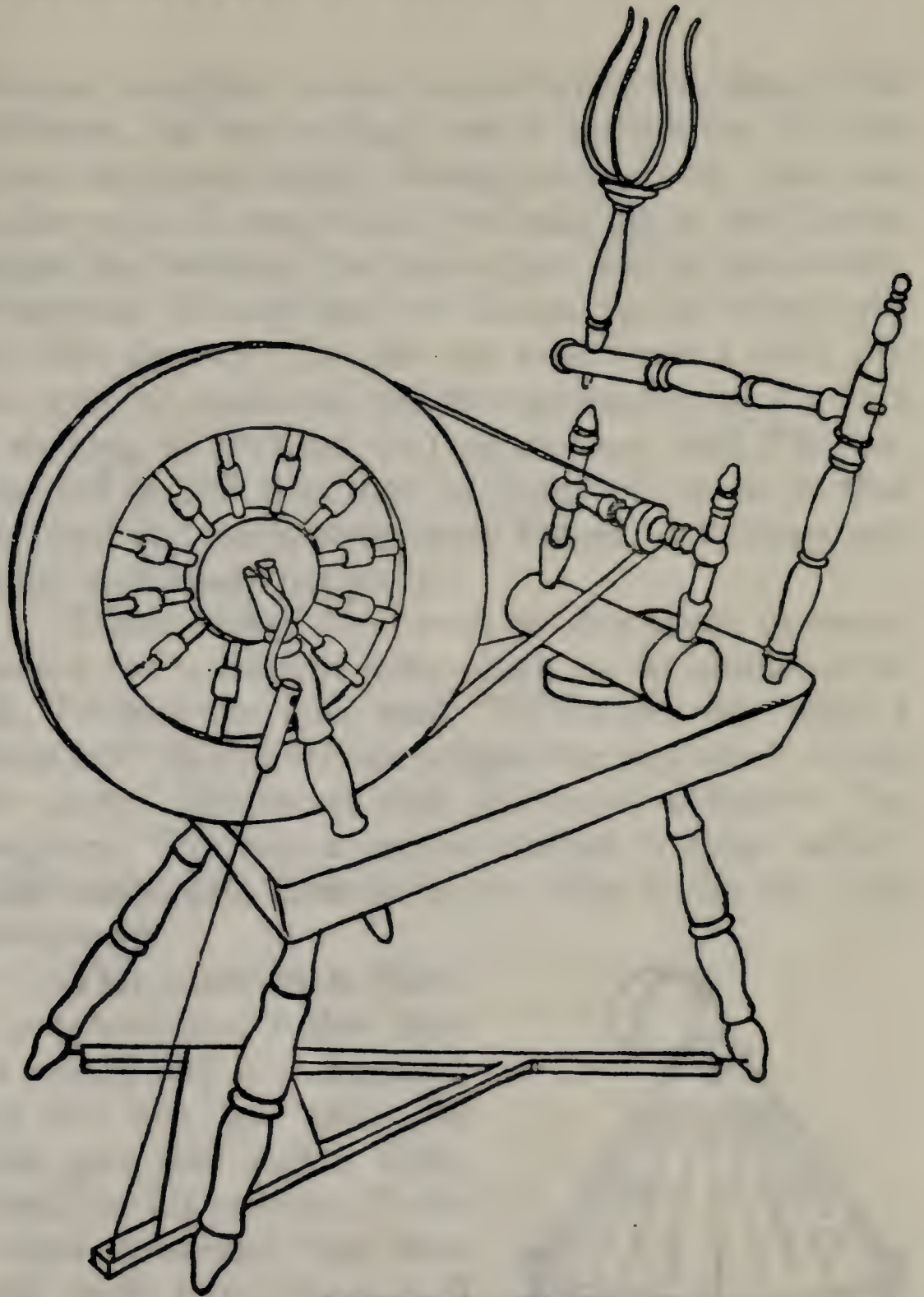
Then there was the story of their hauling an unruly hog in a wagon along the road. The hog decided otherwise, and jumped out of the wagon. What were the boys to do? They were a distance from home, and the hog weighed three hundred pounds. Just then a friendly, good-natured, colored neighbor came around the bend in the road, and helped the boys. After they cornered the hog, he picked it up bodily, and, amid all the squealing, put it into the wagon for them, and again went on his way. I have often wondered, if it would be possible for a man to pick up a 300-pound hog, and place it in a wagon alone. No doubt, when this hog was out of the wagon and on the loose, to these boyish eyes it looked much larger than it really was. Also, if you had to catch it and lift it into the wagon, a live hog, weighing half the above amount, would look big, and really be hard to lift and to handle.

During this period of residence at New Market, Missouri, Uncle Nick, their youngest child, was born. He, Nick, at times called it to the attention of the older brothers that he, being born in the United States, made him the only one in the family eligible for the presidency of the United States.

In the year of 1863, they moved from Missouri to Peoria, where grandfather still practiced his trade as a tailor. The three boys now were young men, their ages being eighteen, sixteen, and fourteen. No doubt, at this time, they were helping provide for the family. Just why they moved to Peoria, we will never know, since they had no relatives there, and, as far as we know, they had no acquaintances there.

The Nussbaum and Hartman families became acquainted in Peoria, still visited while living at Metamora, and remained friends throughout life. Several Hartmans lived in the Fairbury vicinity in my time. While the family lived at Peoria, father worked on

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY



SPINNING WHEEL

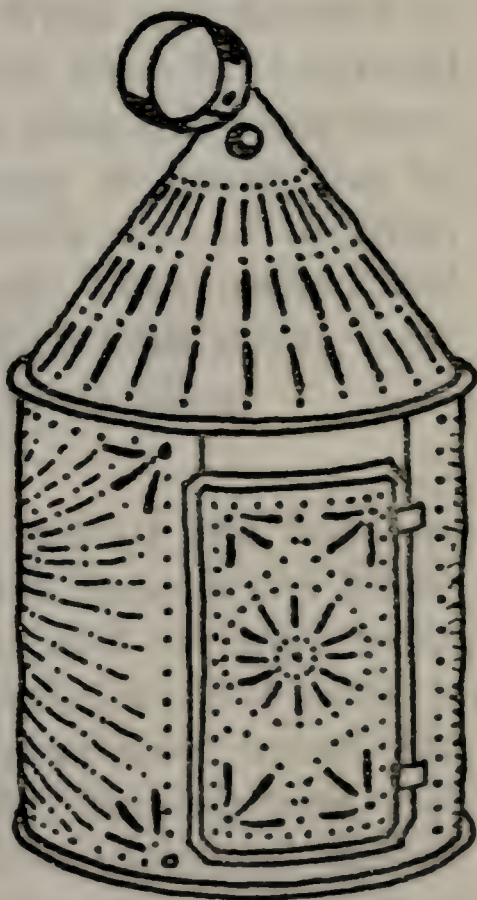
the farm, near Tremont, for a man named Chris Belsley. This was the place we often heard him speak of, where they had no time-piece of any kind. They told their time by the sun, if it shone. Meals were ready, when the men came in for them. If the day was cloudy, they were called in from the field when the dinner was ready. Father praised Mrs. Belsley's cooking, saying that whenever they went to the house at meal-time the meal was ready. At this same place, the boss sent

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

father on horseback to the pasture after the cattle. The work-horse, he was riding, was a hard-rider. On the way out he passed other horses, and among them was one that was an easy-rider. He rode up to this horse, changed the bridle to the horse that was an easy-rider, and went on driving the cows home. As he neared the barn with the cows, he saw the boss from a little distance, and he could tell by the expression on his face and shaking of his head that all was not well. He then proceeded to tell him that he expected to work that horse, and the easy-riding horse father rode home was a balker and would not work.

When father first went to this place to work, he asked for a lantern with which to do chores after dark. To this the boss said, "What do you want a lantern for? We never use a light for any work we do after dark." However, they did have a lantern for emergency. This was a sort of tin can in shape with a candle inside, and slots cut in the sides to let the light pass through.

This same man, Belsley, propositioned father that if he would stay with him and work for him ten years, he would give him eighty acres of land for his services. Father often remarked that they would both have done well had he accepted the proposition. At that time father's age was not less than fourteen, nor more than sixteen years. They again moved in 1865, this time to Metamora, about fifteen miles away from Peoria, and this time, as before, we never knew the motive of this move. Our best opinion on



CANDLE LANTERN

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

this is that the boys could find work on farms, and grandfather still followed his trade as a tailor. This was mentioned many times that all three boys worked for farmers by the month. Here they lived close to the soil, learned to like farming, and decided to make farming their life occupation.

Father told that Uncle Jake would get lonesome for home and mother, and would sneak away from his employer and run home. Then after a visit, grandfather would send him back. According to father, this happened frequently.

In the year of 1868, after living at Metamora for three years, the family again moved, this time to a farm, located three and one-half miles southeast of Fairbury. This farm was owned by a Mr. Virkler, and today is owned by Jacob Broquard. It is located on the southeast quarter of section thirteen in Indian Grove township. How long grandfather lived and farmed on this place, we do not know. It must have been several years. When Nick, Jr., married, he took this place over, and grandfather moved to Fairbury to retire, but he still did some tailoring. Aunt Annie moved to town with them, and took care of them. They owned and lived in a small, white house on East Oak street, near Eighth street, and the house still is standing.

Uncle John told us that one of the boys he went to school with in Europe later became the President of Switzerland. Uncle Nick told me that when they first lived on the farm, southeast of Fairbury, part of the time all four of the boys were home. He tells of them all being home at corn husking time, and that grandfather and the four boys would go out to husk corn with one wagon. Five rows were husked at

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

one time, two on each side of the wagon and the down-row behind the wagon. No side-boards were used, and a down-row was made and husked each time through the field. Uncle Nick told me that since he was the youngest, or baby, in the family the down-row always fell to him, which required stooping and bending of the back to husk.

Uncle Jake, grandfather's brother, came from Missouri, and lived with them, how many years I do not know. He was buried in the South Side cemetery, located in the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section thirty-six, Indian Grove township. His marker was of wood, long since rotted away. None of us know in what part of the cemetery this grave is located.

Grandfather was born in 1810, and passed away here in Fairbury in October, 1891, aged 81 years. Grandmother was born in 1815, and passed away here in Fairbury in April, 1890, at the age of 75 years. Both are buried at Graceland cemetery here at Fairbury. Both grandfather and grandmother were members of the Fairbury Apostolic Christian church, and, at one time, grandfather did some preaching there.

Uncle John was born February 1, 1845, and came to this country at the age of eleven. He married Margaretta Virkler on March 4, 1874. She passed away June 3, 1900, and her husband March 15, 1935. Both are buried in Graceland cemetery.

Uncle Jake was born March 29, 1847. He was aged nine years at the time they came to this country. He married Mary Hartman on February 20, 1881, in Woodford county. Uncle Jake passed away on November 11, 1932, and Aunt Mary on November 2, 1938. Both are buried in North Side cemetery, located on the west side of section twenty-one in Pleasant Ridge township.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

Father Sam was born July 4, 1849, and was seven years old when he came to this country. He married Christina Stortz on February 4, 1877. Mother was born March 29, 1855. Father passed on January 12, 1931, and mother on January 19, 1941, ten years and seven days after father's passing. Both are buried in Graceland cemetery.

Aunt Annie was born in 1854, and came to this country at the age of two. She was married to Fred Bleuer in Iowa in 1897. He passed away on March 3, 1926, and his wife on January 30, 1915, at the age of 61 years. No date is given for either Aunt Annie's birth or marriage, only the year being mentioned. Both are buried in Graceland cemetery.

Uncle Niklaus was born at New Market, Missouri. At this writing, New Market is no longer a town, and is not shown on Missouri maps. B. W. Stephens, of Quincy, knows where New Market was, and still has some old county maps which show it.

Grandfather, grandmother, and their family moved to Fairbury, chiefly because this was newer country, and not as valuable as land at Peoria and Metamora. Since grandfather had no experience in farming, it was unlikely that any land-owner in the Peoria and Metamora sections would rent a farm to him. My grandparents, therefore, had to go farther away, where land was cheaper and where owners were looking for tenants, experienced or inexperienced.

Sam remembers going to town with father in the spring wagon, and father would let him off at the corner of Seventh and Oak streets. He would carry a jug of milk to grandfather's, and then wait there for father to pick him up after he had finished his shopping. Aunt Annie lived with Grandpa and Grandma at that time, and cared for them.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

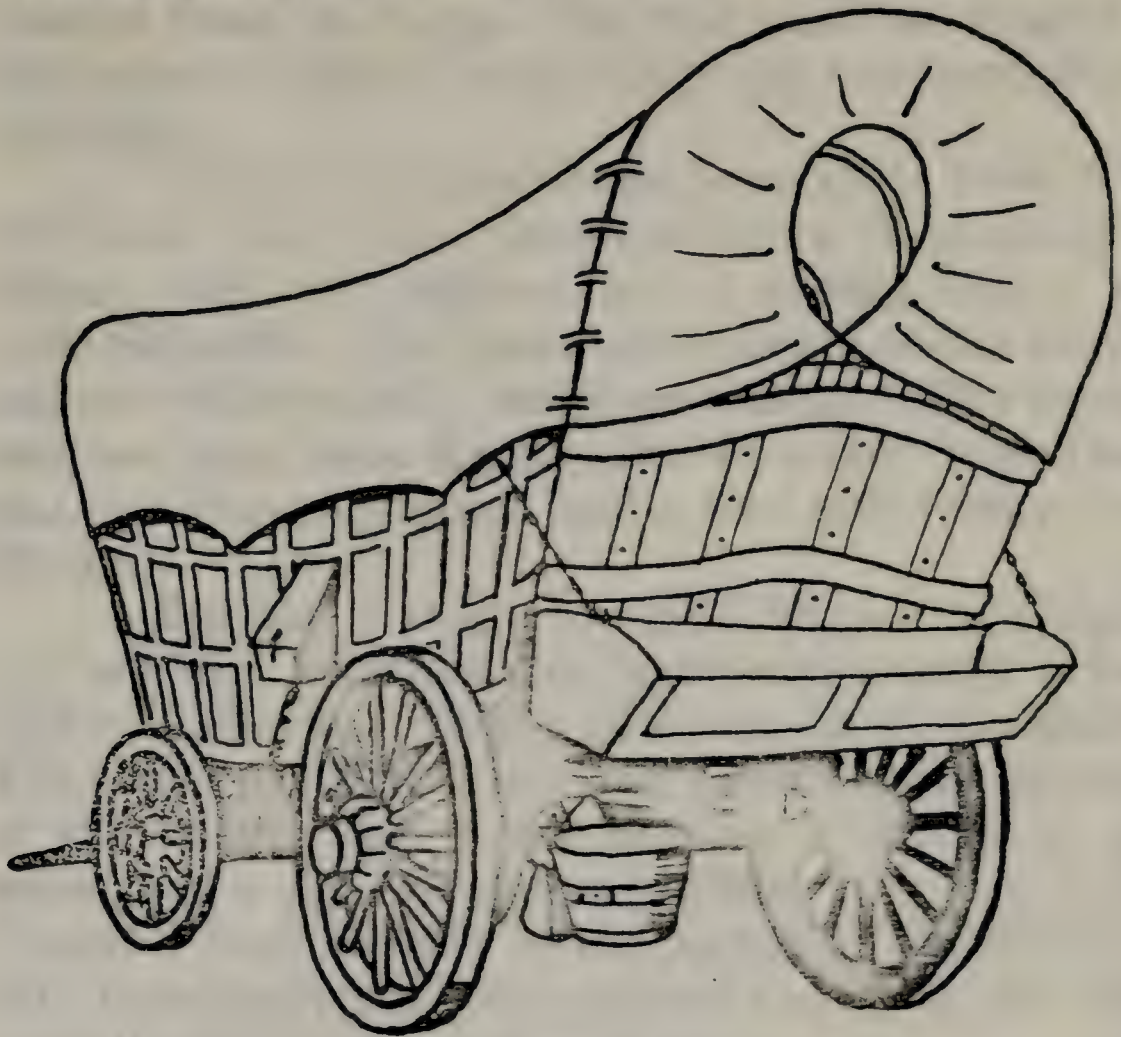
According to Andy, these boys helped build the roads around their home, when they lived in the Fairbury area. Much of this land still was prairie. Roads, or rather mere paths, led in different directions, winding around sloughs, ponds, and buffalo wallows. When these roads were straightened out and laid on section lines, they could no longer extend around ponds since fills were necessary at these places. Andy tells of his father, as a young man, helping operate a slip scraper with a team in making these fills. I remember father telling a little about school. Just where they lived at that time, I don't know, but he didn't like a certain subject. I think it was geography. This subject was the first class in the morning; father would be late intentionally, and this class would then be over. School laws in those days were not compulsory, or this could not have taken place. Andy also tells of these boys going to school, no doubt the Potter school, since that was the one located in the section of country where they lived. How many of the boys went to school here, we don't know, and when they did attend, it must have been only in the winter time.

Throughout this historical sketch, "grandfather" means Niklaus, Sr., "father" means Sam, Sr., and "me" or "I" means Ben, the writer. The pen-and-ink sketches were drawn by my son, Wilmer C. Nussbaum, of Dayton, Ohio.

Since the account of Niklaus and Barbara Flickiger Nussbaum was written, new light on their adventurous journey to a new country and a new life has been revealed by a letter found to have been in the possession of Silas Nussbaum. It was written by Niklaus Nussbaum to his "much-beloved cousins", and contains much information of interest and value, adding a great deal to what was known of the trip, and filling in some places in the story about which only a little was known. Much-beloved cousins,

You may have thought I did not keep my prom-

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY



COVERED WAGON

ise, but the conditions did not allow me to write at once on our arrival. We sailed from Havre on the 3rd of October, 1856, and the first night we had a strong wind. Everybody thought we would get a storm, but it did not do anything. The storm was brewing before we left Havre, so most of us got storm-sick, and started to vomit. We also did get a little sick, but the Mrs. and Johannes got the worst of it. The smallest ones were affected the least.

We were not properly installed with our cooking utensils. When a few belong together, you should have an assortment of large and small pans as often it takes too long until you can cook again, and the stewards come and help you. The meat is too salty, and so is the butter. The flour is sour, and the zweibach bitter. The meat could be taken along from home, as well as the butter, sugar, coffee, dried and toasted bread,

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

toasted flour, and eggs. The rest could be bought at the seaport. Quite a bit of flour and zweibach should be bought.

There were other Swiss here, three from Kanton Bern, two from Oberland from Ringenberg, a woman with two children, and a woman with a son from Siebenthal. One from Sumerstwald with a woman and two children and a man from Glarus, with a woman and two boys from Kanton Zurich, a boy from Thurgau, one from Appenzell, and a man with family from Wallis.

We had a storm on the 12th for two nights and one day, but those who were on the water before said it was not bad. On the 18th we passed two islands. The larger one is St. Flori, and I don't know the name of the smaller one. From here on it started to get warm, and it got as warm as you have it in July. Quite a number slept at night on the foredeck. The boat was very thoroughly scrubbed, painted and aired out. Only a small child died.

On November 11th we passed the island, Kupa (Cuba). I heard them say the island is over 100 hours long. The 12th, in the forenoon, a steamboat led us into the Gulf in the Mississippi. There is a small island and a city on it, but nothing grows but reed. At noon another steamboat pulled up and took us away. On the 13th, in the evening, we arrived at New Orleans. Quite a few passengers left the boat, and went to the city to get something. I went, too, and bought some bread and cheese. Then we were hungry for fresh bread, and we ate the cheese that we took along.

The same night we stayed on the boat. In the morning we packed everything, and the spitz (groceries) that we had from the office we sold. After that a man came on the boat, and told us there was a steamboat here. We were glad to look it over, and they told us the price under deck would be \$3 and above \$4. In the afternoon the steamboat came alongside the sailboat, and took aboard whoever wanted to go up the

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

Mississippi. On the evening of the 14th at 6 o'clock the boat left, and I had to pay \$12 to Saint Lustig (St. Louis).

On the morning of the 22nd at 4 o'clock the ship struck something, got a hole, and started to sink. But only the back part and the right side of the boat. We were in the center and on the left side. Everybody had to go up to the foredeck, but still I did not have to be worried as we still had two kisten (trunks) in keller (in the hold of the boat). Our best clothing and books were in them. In about three hours another steamboat came along, took us over, and I had to pay \$8. On the evening of the 23rd at 8 o'clock we arrived at St. Lustig, (St. Louis) and we stayed overnight on the boat. On the morning of the 24th we ate breakfast on the boat, and after that we took our trunks, probably hand baggage, and what else we had and carried them on the dock. My wife and the children waited by them, and I went to buy some groceries. In between-times a Johannes Emch from Gossliwyl came to my wife and asked her where she was from. She told him from Kanton Solothurn from Bietzwyl, and he told her that he was from Gossliwyl. He asked her on account of the style of dress she wore where she was from.

After a while I came back, and they told me about it, so we visited together, and he asked me where I wanted to go. I told him, and he asked me if I had work. I told him no, and he told me that there was a steamboat that left at noon at 12 o'clock. We went to look for it, and he talked for me. After that I let my wife and children come to the boat, and I had to pay \$6 for 150 miles to Hannibal. On the morning of the

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

25th at 7 o'clock we arrived at Hannibal. We carried our trunks and belongings off the boat, and then I looked for a horse and wagon to take my wife, children, and trunks to the railroad. As we had a whole mile to go and the train left at 8 o'clock, I had to pay \$1.75 for 12 miles. At 9 o'clock we arrived at Bermoiben. As we unloaded I met a man that we could speak to. I asked him if there would be a house here, where I could leave my wife and children overnight. I wanted to go alone to (Neumark) New Market as soon as I could get a team and wagon. He said it was too late to go to Neumark with a team, and that we should go to town. There were plenty of houses where we could stay. We stayed with a lady. She sent a man to us, and he wanted to take us to Neumark in the morning for \$3. The lady thought it would be better for me, since I might get lost, the road was not very good, and it was 12 miles there. I told him he should come in the morning, and we stayed overnight with this lady. On the morning of the 26th the man with the team came, and we started our journey to Neumark. On the way there we saw Jacob Fink, but we did not recognize him since he was not near the road. Afterwards Johannes Fink came by on horseback. I would not have known him, but he recognized us, came to the wagon and shook hands, and asked how things were at home.

I told him that as far as I knew everybody was well, and also told him that father said he wanted to write a letter, if I had something to tell. I told him he should let you know that I am coming, but he (Johannes) said he did not receive a letter. I asked him how far it still was to Neumark, and he told me 3 miles. As we arrived at the first few houses, the driver told us we were in Neumark. Then he drove a little further, and stopped in front of Adam's house. I just was

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

thinking of asking why. When I looked around I saw Adam looking through the window. I saw him and he saw me. He soon came out, and Jacob, too, but Adam was surprised that we came in such clothing. Bendicht Mullet came, too, and I told them what all we had to go through. He said this didn't amount to anything (about the clothing), just so we got away alive.

They all came that used to be in our neighborhood, as the word got around that I had arrived. Mrs. Duscher and Elizabeth Wies, born Ries, came, too, and all tried to do something for us. Mullet is just across the street from Adam's. I received my trunks again. Benedicht went to St. Louis on the 8th of December, took his little boy along to a doctor, and we asked him to investigate if that steamboat ever arrived. It had just arrived, so he had to pay \$5 before he could take the trunks, and on the 15th I received the trunks again.

On January 17, 1857, Adam went shopping for me. One iron stove to cook on, and the necessary cooking utensils, one pan, two kettles, four bread pans (\$4), a tea kettle, a coffeepot and a coffee can, a skillet for meat, a wash basin the same as the milk bowls are over there (\$19.50), a table and bedstead for \$8, and 100 pounds of white flour for \$3. We stayed with Adam until the 23rd of January, then we moved in another house across the street. The house belongs to Elizabeth Wies, born Ries. I worked for Adam until the 21st of February, and he gave me \$2.50 a week. We did not have to pay board, and he gave us some dress material and bought clothes for the children and my wife. We were not lonesome. We are well and healthy, and hope that these lines find you, too, in good health.

NUSSBAUM FAMILY HISTORY

We thank you many times, and also those in the lower Schinten, and also Bendicht Stuber I thank many times and all that thought for my good. It is better for me and also my children, and we send you all our heartiest regards, for my brother and sisters and brother-in-law.

The letter from Niklaus Nussbaum to relatives in the "Old Country" was translated, word for word, by Albert Honegger, of Fairbury. It was an arduous task, but Mr. Honegger succeeded admirably. Some passages in the time-worn letter could be read only with the aid of a magnifying glass.



MAY 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

